

SPYING STRANGERS.

An Ancient Custom in the House of Commons.

At one time, much more than of late years, his royal highness was a constant visitor to the house of commons, his pleasant presence beaming from the center seat of the peers' gallery, immediately over the clock, says North American Review. During the turbulent times that marked the birth of the Parnellite party he frequently dropped in to watch the recurring crisis. This habit gave the late Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar an opportunity of distinguishing himself above his fellows. One Tuesday evening, in the early spring of 1875, Mr. Chaplin, then a private member, secured first place for a motion relating to the breed of horses. The prince of Wales, accompanied by a numerous suite of peers, whose faces were familiar at New Market and Epsom, came down to hear the speech and debate. It was a great opportunity for Mr. Chaplin, and he was evidently prepared to rise to it. Unfortunately for him, he had chanced some days earlier to offend Mr. Biggar. Joey B—the member for Cavan—like the redoubtable Joe Bagstock, was sly, devilish sly. If Mr. Chaplin saw his opportunity, Joe not only discredited it, but seized it first.

Mr. Chaplin had risen, fixed on his glasses, smitten himself reassuringly on his portly chest, had coughed in prelude to his opening sentence, when from below the gangway opposite a well-known shrill voice was heard exclaiming: "Mr. Speaker, sir, I believe there are strangers in the house."

For a moment the crowded chamber was hushed in dismayed silence. The speaker broke it by inquiring whether the honorable member from Cavan persisted in his intention of noticing strangers. "If you please, Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Biggar, with encouraging nod toward the chair. Then the anger of the house found issue in a roar of contumely, through which was heard the unparliamentary, almost unprecedented, sound of hissing. Honorable members might just as usefully have sat down by the river's brink and shouted "stop" to the falls of Niagara. At that time there was in force the medieval order which required the immediate and absolute withdrawal of strangers from every part of the house upon an individual member taking note of their presence. Mr. Biggar was master of the situation, and few human faces offered an opening for exceeding the breadth of his smile as he surveyed it.

The speaker had no option. He must needs order strangers to withdraw. Thereupon the prince of Wales, the German ambassador, who happened to be in the diplomatic gallery, and the crowd of peers, boasting the bluest blood in England, were compelled to scuttle. Mr. Biggar had his fun, but the house of commons reaped permanent benefit from the prank. He brought into broad daylight the absurdity of the ancient custom, which was thenceforward doomed. The privilege of spying strangers is no longer counted among the possessions of individual members of the house of commons. Strangers may to-day be excluded, but only upon motion duly made and carried by a majority.

NEW YORK'S SKY-LINE.

Changes So Rapidly as Not to Be Recognized by Tourists.

The sky line of New York is changing so rapidly that the American traveler who goes abroad can recognize with more certainty the profiles of the foreign cities he approaches than that of his own metropolis as he sees it from the deck of the steamer on his return. It may be his first visit to Europe; he may know London, Rome and Paris only from views of them in old prints.

But if he has an eye for such things, his first glimpse of St. Peter's, St. Paul's or Notre Dame will tell him to what place he is coming, for all the world knows these pinnacles; has known them for centuries. They are as conspicuous and characteristic in the silhouettes of their cities as they were when they were built.

One of the Dutch governors of New Amsterdam, seeking in spirit some familiar earthly habitation might find old Amsterdam, for it cuts the same figure in the sky to-day that it did when he left it, but the last dead boss of New York, if by any chance he should get away from where he ought to be, would search the horizon in vain for the face of his city.

The features his eye would seek are there; Old Trinity still stands, its steeple, like the spires of the old cathedrals, uplifted high above the earth; but its solitary prominence is gone. The modern office building has risen higher than the head of the cross, and the church has lost its distinction. The enterprise of business has surpassed the aspirations of religion.—Scribner's.

—A man who will carry his letters round awhile without reading them, know that he never gets any importance.—Washington.

"PIED" THE POSTER.

Queer Results on a New York Bill Board.

An inebriated bill poster in New York the other day caused plenty of trouble, and in one instance almost induced one of his fellow townsmen to swear off. The latter was riding up town on a cable car. He had caught a glimpse of a huge stand of bills on a fence, and thought the most conspicuous line of type read like this: "Maison d'quaguarder." He reflected: "Sure s fate, late hours, incessant smoking and night work have done me up. I'll see an oculist if my sight holds out for another day." After riding a few blocks and finding that he could read with ease all the brewery signs on the corner saloons, and could make out the advertisements of safety pins, dress lining and cable car transfers displayed in the car, he felt better. When he got off the car his trouble reappeared. Directly in front of him was another bill board bearing a stand of bills freshly posted up, and this time he stood and read with care the legend: "Damsinsaggenurde."

"Overcome by the heat," he muttered. "I felt it coming on. I must get home right away. Everything is swimming in front of me."

He darted down a side street and into an inviting beer garden. After emptying two or three steins he decided to walk over to the boulevard and look at the cyclists. As he rounded a corner of the boulevard his knees trembled.

His Nemesis had not followed him, but he had got there first. Shading his eyes with his hat and leaning against the tree he spelled out carefully that mysterious word. This time it was different. It read: "Mansidquagardne."

"Paresis, first stage," was his comment. Then he moved closer to the awful bill board, stared at it and read and reread that grinning jumble of letters. Finally he screwed up his courage sufficiently to walk up to the fence and look that stand of bills "squarely in the face," as he put it. The horrid line was there, sure enough.

But down in the corner, in very small type, was the key. It read: "Madison Square Garden." Then the victim knew that some bill poster had pied all the big sheets of what is known as "the date line," and he will continue to stay up nights, he will not give up smoking, he will not consult an oculist, and if he ever needs any bill posting he will have it done by a man who can read print without glasses.—Troy Times.

THE MEGAPHONE.

An Invaluable Adjunct to Crew Trainers and Others.

The reports of the rowing contests have all contained references to the megaphone, through which the various coaches communicated with the crews, and accounts from the training headquarters had similar references. The simple instrument is found to be so valuable as a means of communication that it is now looked upon as a part of the necessary paraphernalia in a rowing contest. The megaphone is simply a large cone from 30 to 48 inches long, made of waterproof fiber or light metal. The voice of a person speaking into the small end is carried easily a distance of a mile, while a loud call, when neither wind nor obstructions interfere, may be heard on the water, in open country or along the shore, a distance of two miles.

The instrument is often used as a receiver also. The small end is placed at the ear, and sounds from a distance which would otherwise be inaudible can be heard distinctly. The instrument is usually held in the hands of the person who uses it, like a speaking trumpet, but it is constructed so that it can be fixed to a tripod or a swivel, and the person using it may remain seated and direct it to any point. By means of the megaphone the audiences at nearly all open-air athletic meetings are informed as to the winners, and at these places, as well as in the rowing world, it has become an invaluable instrument.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Passport in Russia.

In Russia a child ten years old cannot go away from home to school without a passport. Nor can common servants and peasants go away from where they live without one. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers; and for every one of the above passports a charge is made of some kind.

Takers of Pills.

It has been estimated from the stamp duties paid by patent medicine makers that 4,000,000 pills are taken by the inhabitants of the United Kingdom every week. In France the quantity is about half. Only about 1,000,000 are taken by the people of Russia. The Australians are the biggest pill-takers in the world.

A FLEMISH PASSION PLAY.

The Furnes Procession—Was Instituted in the Year 1100.

Furnes, a quaint Belgian city some 12 miles distant from Dunkirk, is one of the rapidly vanishing communities where the old traditions of the Roman Catholic religion, with its love of outward show and its open-air ceremonial displays, still retain their fervid exponents. The yearly procession, which is held on the last Sunday in July, is in reality a passion play, whose actors express in naïvely quaint dialogue the various phases of the Lord's sacrifice. This religious function attracts hundreds of pilgrims from the remotest parts of Belgium, and thousands of sightseers. The old-fashioned little town, with its interesting Spanish houses, becomes for a single day the rendezvous of a crowd, where cyclists, pilgrims, friars, peasants and gayly-dressed pleasure seekers from Dunkirk, Ostend and Blankenberg assemble.

When the procession emerges from the old church of Sainte Walburge the bells toll the knell for the dead. The murmur of the spectators is hushed, and all becomes still as the actors in the play leave the portals of the sanctuary. There are no fewer than 30 groups in the procession, which is headed by trumpeters. The most remarkable are "John the Baptist," the "Stable of Bethlehem," the "Shepherds," the "Wise Men of the East," the "Flight into Egypt," the "Court of Herod," the "Saviour and the Doctors," the "Entry of the Saviour into Jerusalem," "Pilate and the Judges," the "Saviour Bearing His Cross," the "Crucifixion," and the "Resurrection." The actors are mostly costumed with a certain regard for accuracy, and with the clergy, in their rich canonicals, bringing up the rear, the procession is quite a remarkable sight. The defile includes a number of "penitents," attired in coarse serge gowns, their features being concealed by a cowl, and their feet being bare. These are believers who, in atonement of their sins, undergo this yearly penance. It is said that the better classes provide many adepts for this peculiar method of seeking the remission of shortcomings.

The Furnes procession was instituted in the year 1100 by Count Robert, of Jerusalem, who on his return from the Holy Land experienced a violent tempest as he was reaching port. He vowed to offer to the first church whose steeple might be seen a piece of the true cross of which he was the bearer. It is said that the sea at once became calm, and that the spire of Sainte Walburge was sighted. The count landed and handed the precious relic with due solemnity to the clergy of Furnes. The procession was instituted to commemorate this event, and has been maintained almost without interruption up to this date.—London Standard.

THE FASTEST BOAT.

The English Turbinia Is a Novelty and a Wonder.

In the first place, the Turbinia must be pronounced a novelty. The excess of speed which she has developed over anything previously achieved introduces a substantially new factor in evolutions. Moreover, the Turbinia in esse is no more than an experiment, a first step. She is to the ship of the future what the Monitor was to the turreted battleships. At the naval review the Turbinia was run up to nearly full power, and maintained the unprecedented speed of 35 knots, or over 40 miles per hour, for the length of the line of battleships, or about five miles. During this run there was an absence of strain, and from this fact it seems that the limit of speed in this little vessel has not yet been reached, and that after further improvements, at present in progress, she will be capable of not only maintaining her position as much the fastest vessel afloat, but will be able to give many knots to any competitor engaged with reciprocating engines. What has really been proved by the Turbinia is that, without stress or vibration, compound turbine engines of unprecedentedly small weight are capable of the most direct and economical conversion of the power of steam into effective horsepower. But there is nothing that confines the application of the principle to small ships. Hence there is nothing exaggerated in looking to an augmentation of speed that can be fairly described as a novelty or new element in naval warfare.—Detroit Free Press.

Unhealthy Gold Fields.

The unhealthiness of the New Guinea goldfields is so great that the miners who go there literally carry their lives in their hands. The captain of a passenger schooner reports that he recently left Woodlark island with 40 passengers, most of whom crawled to the vessel stricken with fever and dysentery. No fewer than seven of these men died within a fortnight.

—Irons should never be allowed to remain over the fire longer than is necessary, but should be put at once in a cool place free from dust and smoke.

WAS VERY QUIET.

Affairs at Big Cove as Related to Mister Gabbit.

The mountaineer was skinning squirrels for supper when a man mounted on a mule came up the trail and halted in front of the cabin to call out:

"Deevin' to yo', Mister Gabbit over thar'."

"That yo', Abe?" replied the old man, as he looked up. "Howdy, and howdy's all the folks?"

"Right smart, thank yo'. 'Pears to be purty quiet around yere'."

"Yes. How's things at Big Cove?" "And I reckon yo' heard about Tom Bottsford shootin' at Bill Skinner over that lawsuit?" continued the stranger. "Jest mighty nigh put a bullet through Bill's head and had to run for it."

"And somebody fired the skule hous' t' other night. Had a jangle 'bout the skul teacher last week, yo' know, and one side or t' other burned down the skul house."

"Shoo! Shoo! Hadn't nobody told me 'bout that."

"Reckon yo' know Jim Renshaw? Wall, Jim's wife went up on the mountain to look for roots, and she didn't cum back again. Some sez as it was b'ars and some sez as she got lost and perished in the bresh. Jim's mighty nigh crazy 'bout it and has quit drinkin' whiskey."

"Shoo! Wall, did I ever? Mrs. Renshaw dun got perished, eh?"

"Reckon yo' dun heard 'bout that hoss race last week?" said Abe, as he removed his fur cap to scratch his head.

"No, never did. Had a real hoss race, eh?"

"Reg'lar hoss race, Mister Gabbit, with five mews into it. Steve Torbell's critter got in fast by about two feet. Some said three feet and some said one foot, but I reckon two feet was purty clus to the mark. Then the fout begun."

"What fout?"

"Reg'lar fout, with knives and fists and sich."

"What fur?"

"Kase Steve's critter got the race. Three men hurt and a heap o' talk all around. Yo' was axin', Mister Gabbit, how things was up at Big Cove, and I'm sayin' as how things ar' so mighty quiet with us that the stranger who'll cum along and git up a dawg-fout will receive the thanks of the hull neighborhood. Good evenin' to yo', Mister Gabbit, good evenin' to yo'."—Philadelphia Press.

AN ADMIRAL'S COFFIN.

Had It Built on the Lines of a Doubled-Ended Life Boat.

Many have been the peculiar wishes of men still in the flesh with regard to the disposition of their remains when they have "shuffled off this mortal coil." Few, however, claim to be as appropriate as they may be original, though we know of one case in which a ship's carpenter built his own coffin, and for the remainder of his days used it as a tool-chest. A case of peculiar singularity and appropriateness came under our notice while "going the rounds." Seeing a well-built boat of miniature dimensions under construction on the premises of Mr. Philip Windram, Jordan street, Liverpool, curiosity was naturally aroused, and the inquiry as to the purposes of such an apparently useless craft elicited the curious information that the boat was being built to the order of an undertaker at the request of a living British admiral, to serve as his final resting-place, in place of the orthodox and more suggestive, but less attractive coffin. The build of the boat is strong, and she is in all respects constructed on the lines of an ordinary double-ended lifeboat, without, perhaps, quite as much shear as is usually found in such craft. She is provided with a wooden deck or cover extending fore and aft, and fitted lid-fashion to go over the gunwale. This boat coffin is carved built and seven feet long, and will be painted. Life lines will be fixed around her, and when completed she will present a very attractive appearance. Two oars are to be supplied, and she will have a rudder and tiller fitted. She is built of pine, West African mahogany, oak, and elm. The internal "get up" is to be left for the undertaker to furnish, and will no doubt be of a fitting character. Mr. Windram, who has been in the boat-building business over 40 years in Liverpool, prior to which he followed the same trade elsewhere, having come of a boat-building race, said that this was the first order of the kind he had executed, though he had some remarkable ones at times.—Liverpool Journal of Commerce.

Product of Pin Factories.

The largest pin factory in the world is that at Birmingham, where 37,000,000 pins are manufactured every working day. All the other pin factories together turn out about 19,000,000 pins every day. Taking the population of Europe at 250,000,000, every fourth person must lose a pin every day to use up the production of pins per day.

Doctors Say:

Bilious and Intermittent Fevers which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels.

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The liver is the great "driving wheel" in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged and disease is the result.

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Cure all Liver Troubles.

"The word 'Golf' is pronounced as though spelled 'Goff'."

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.

Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chills and fever, etc. If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order, and your blood is slowly being poisoned, because your blood does not act properly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Free trial bottle at R. C. Hardwick's drug store.

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The intense itching and smarting, incident to these diseases, is instantly allayed by applying Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment. Many very bad cases have been permanently cured by it. It is equally efficient for itching piles and a favorite remedy for sore nipples, chapped hands, chilblains, frost bites and chronic sore eyes. 25 cts. per box.

Dr. Cady's Condition Powders, are just what a horse needs when in bad condition. Tonic, blood purifier and vermifuge. They are not food but medicine and the best in use to put a horse in prime condition. Price 25 cents per package.

Sold by R. C. Hardwick, Hopkinsville, Ky.

The prince of Wales' only living son is the Duke York.

Owing to over crowding and bad ventilation, the air of the school room is often close and impure, and teachers and pupils frequently suffer from lung and throat troubles. To all such we would say, try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. For coughs, colds, weak lungs and bronchial troubles no other remedy can compare with it. Says A. C. Freed, Superintendent of Schools, Prairie Depot, Ohio: "Having some knowledge of the efficacy of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, I have no hesitation in recommending it to all who suffer from coughs, lung troubles, etc." For sale by R. C. Hardwick.

Robt. T. Lincoln was Secretary of War under President Arthur.

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Savien, Va.—We have a splendid sale on Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many have said that their children would have died of croup if Chamberlain's Cough Remedy had not been given.—KELAM & OCKREN. The 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by R. C. Hardwick.

The New York Tribune's "Freshair Fund" has been in existence since 1877.

The pain that sometimes strikes a man at the most inopportune moment is due to indigestion. It may come in the midst of a dinner and make the feast a mockery. It is a reminder that he may not eat what he chooses, nor when he chooses. He is a slave to the weakness of his stomach. A man's health and strength depend upon what he gets out of his food. This depends on his digestion. Remove the obstruction by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are a positive cure for constipation and its attendant ills—headaches, sour stomach, flatulence, dizziness, biliousness and "heartburn." The "Pellets" are very gentle in their action. They simply assist nature. They give no violent wrench to the system. They cause no pain nor griping.

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Lv. Louisville..... 6:30 p.m. 7:45 a.m.

West Point..... 7:20 p.m. 8:40 a.m.

Brandenburg..... 7:50 p.m. 9:14 a.m.

Irrington..... 8:20 p.m. 9:40 a.m.

Stephensport..... 8:58 p.m. 10:18 a.m.

Cloverport..... 9:18 p.m. 10:38 a.m.

Hawesville..... 9:44 p.m. 11:06 a.m.

Lewisport..... 10:08 p.m. 11:28 a.m.

Owensboro..... 10:45 p.m. 12:07 p.m.

Spottsville..... 11:31 p.m. 12:51 p.m.

At Henderson..... 11:55 p.m. 1:15 p.m.

EAST BOUND No. 52. Daily. No. 54. Daily.

Lv. Henderson..... 7:20 a.m. 7:50 p.m.

Spottsville..... 7:48 a.m. 8:16 p.m.

Owensboro..... 8:27 a.m. 8:56 p.m.

Lewisport..... 9:07 a.m. 9:37 p.m.

Hawesville..... 9:30 a.m. 10:00 p.m.

Cloverport..... 9:57 a.m. 10:27 p.m.

Stephensport..... 10:18 a.m. 10:48 p.m.

Irrington..... 11:00 a.m. 11:30 p.m.

Brandenburg..... 11:26 a.m. 11:56 p.m.

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